

SACRIFICE

1T9

Jaising

Father, do not torture the
heart
that is already broken. If the
God-
dess thirsts for kingly blood,
I will
bring it to her before to-
night. I will
pay all my debts, yes, every
farthing.
Keep ready for my return. I
will
delay not. *[Goes
out.]*

[Storm outside.]

Raghupati

She is awake at last, the
Terrible.
Her curses go shrieking
through the
town. The hungry furies are
shaking
the cracking branches of the
world-
tree with all their might, for
the stars
to break and drop. My
Mother, why
didst thou keep thine own
people in
doubt and Dishonour so
long ? Leave
it not for thy servant to
raise thy
sword* Let thy mighty arm
do it*
own work 1—I hear steps.